

CONAN THE
BARBARIAN

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5
MAY

THE GREATEST SWORD-AND-SORCERY HERO OF ALL!

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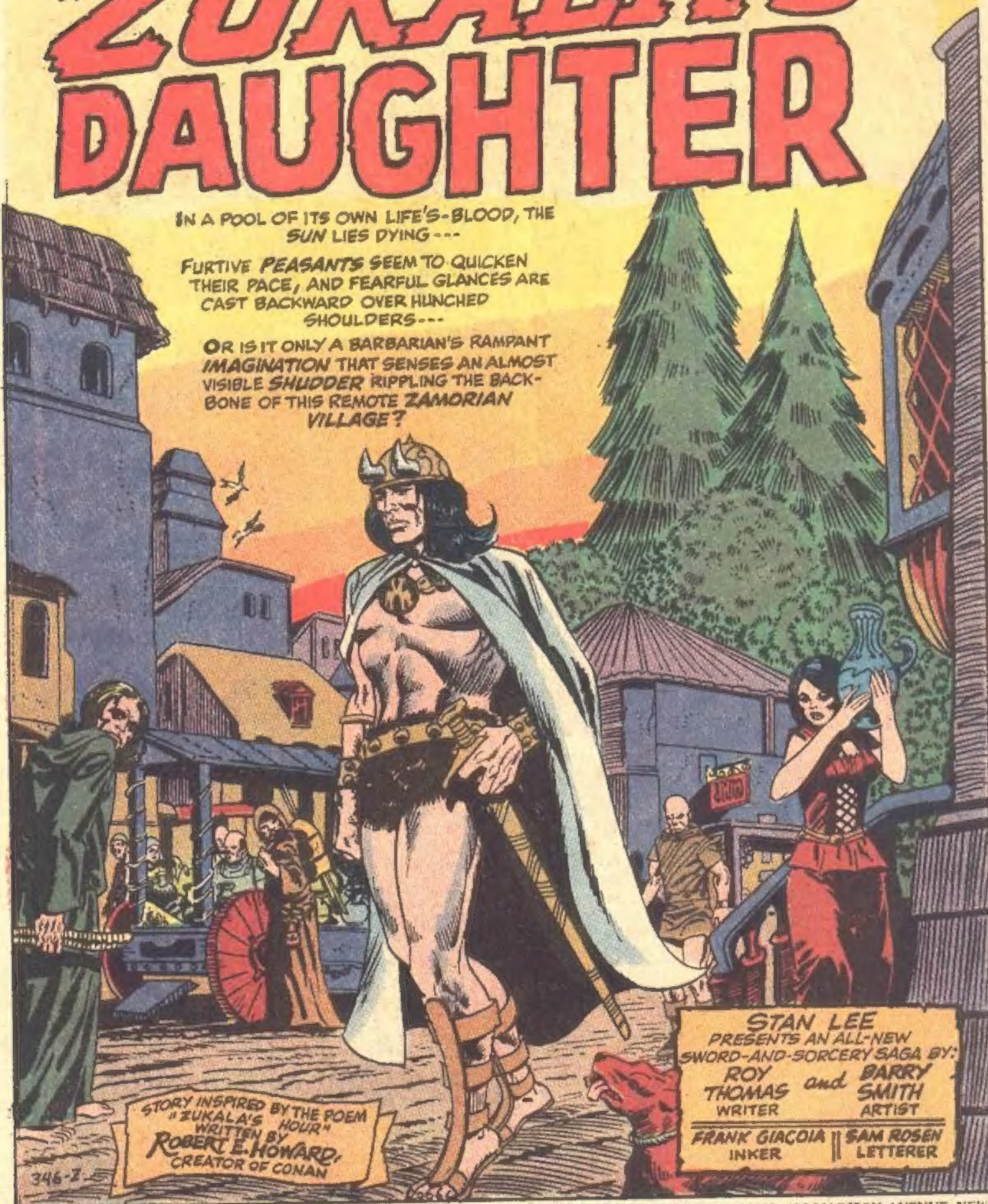
FROM OUT OF EARTH'S DIM, FORGOTTEN PAST--FROM THE CENTURIES WHICH
SPRAWL BETWEEN THE SINKING OF ATLANTIS AND THE DAWNING OF HISTORY--COMES--
CONAN THE BARBARIAN!TM

ZUKALA'S DAUGHTER

IN A POOL OF ITS OWN LIFE'S-BLOOD, THE
SUN LIES DYING ---

FURTIVE PEASANTS SEEM TO QUICKEN
THEIR PACE, AND FEARFUL GLANCES ARE
CAST BACKWARD OVER HUNCHED
SHOULDERS ---

OR IS IT ONLY A BARBARIAN'S RAMPANT
IMAGINATION THAT SENSES AN ALMOST
VISIBLE SHUDDER RIPPLING THE BACK-
BONE OF THIS REMOTE ZAMORIAN
VILLAGE?

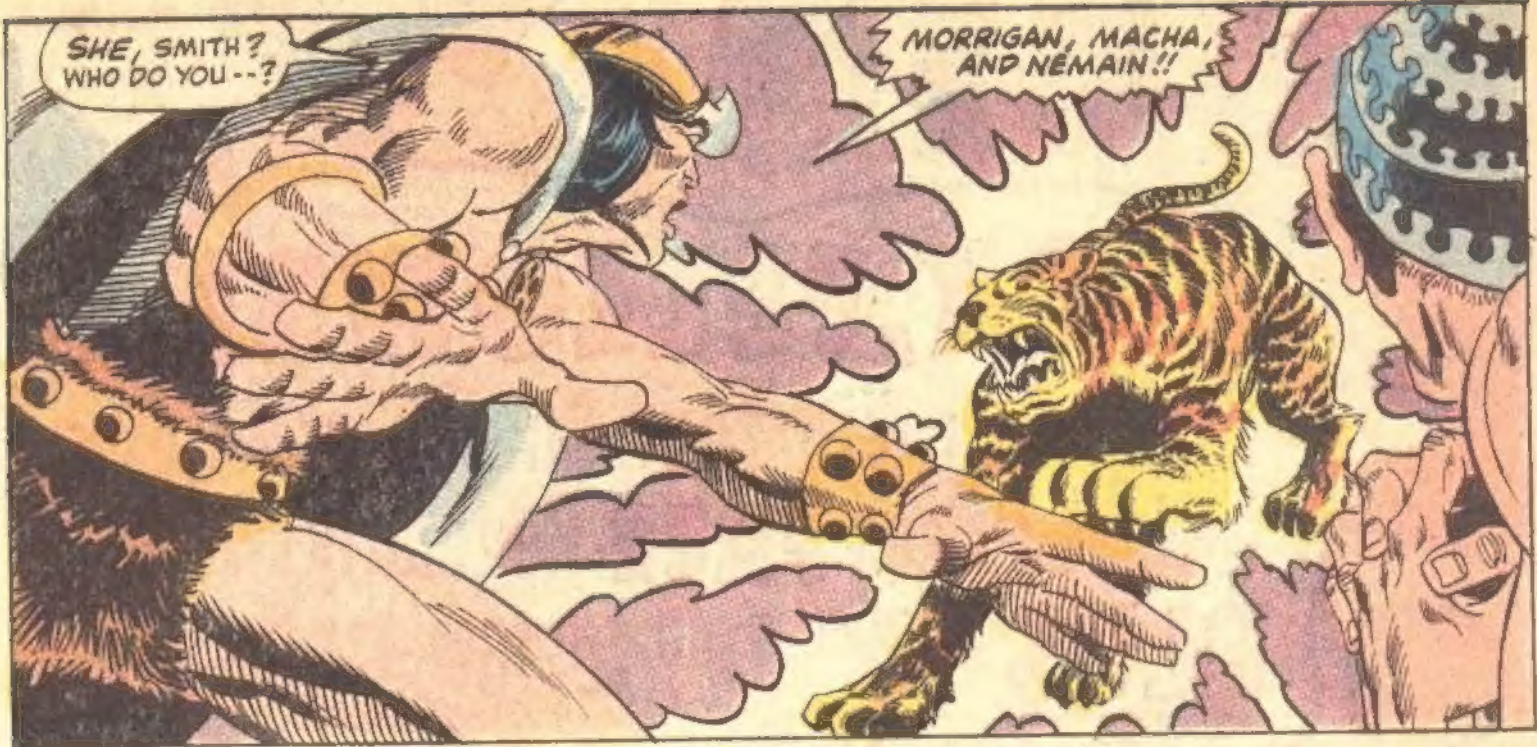


STORY INSPIRED BY THE POEM
"ZUKALA'S HOUR"
WRITTEN BY
ROBERT E. HOWARD
CREATOR OF CONAN

STAN LEE
PRESENTS AN ALL-NEW
SWORD-AND-SORCERY SAGA BY:
ROY THOMAS and **BARRY SMITH**
WRITER ARTIST
FRANK GIACOIA || **SAM ROSEN**
INKER LETTERER

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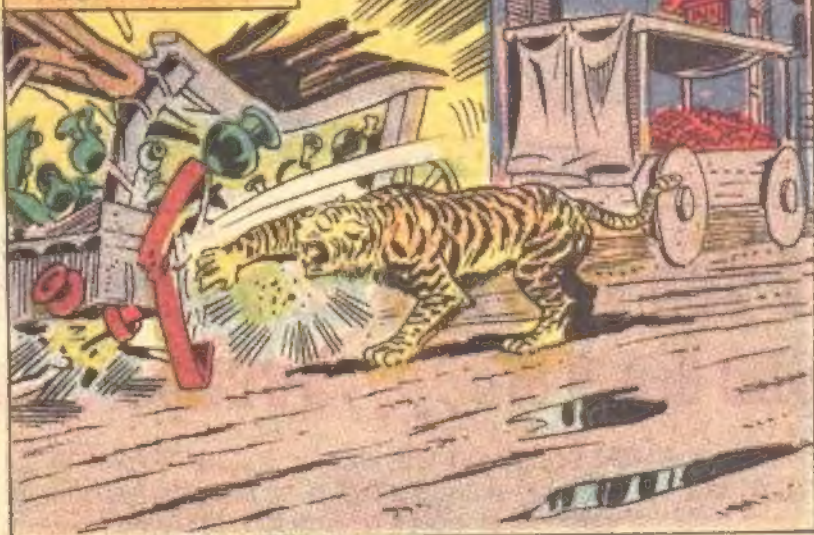




THIS STRONGEST OF OATHS TORN FROM HIS LIPS, THE YOUNG CIMMERIAN STANDS SUDDENLY FROZEN-- SENSING THAT HE IS IN THE PRESENCE OF A THING NOT OF THIS WORLD---



-- A SENSATION SHATTERED THE NEXT INSTANT, AS KNIFE-EDGED TALONS SPLINTER A FLIMSY WOODEN CART---



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

**YOU! LIZARD-
CHASER! OLD
EATER-OF-FROGS!**

HERE'S COLD
STEEL FOR
YOU -- IF YOU'VE
A TASTE FOR
IT.

IT--IT'S
SEEN YOU--
IT'S TURNING--!

LET IT
TURN, THEN
--AND COME
FACE TO
FACE WITH
DEATH.



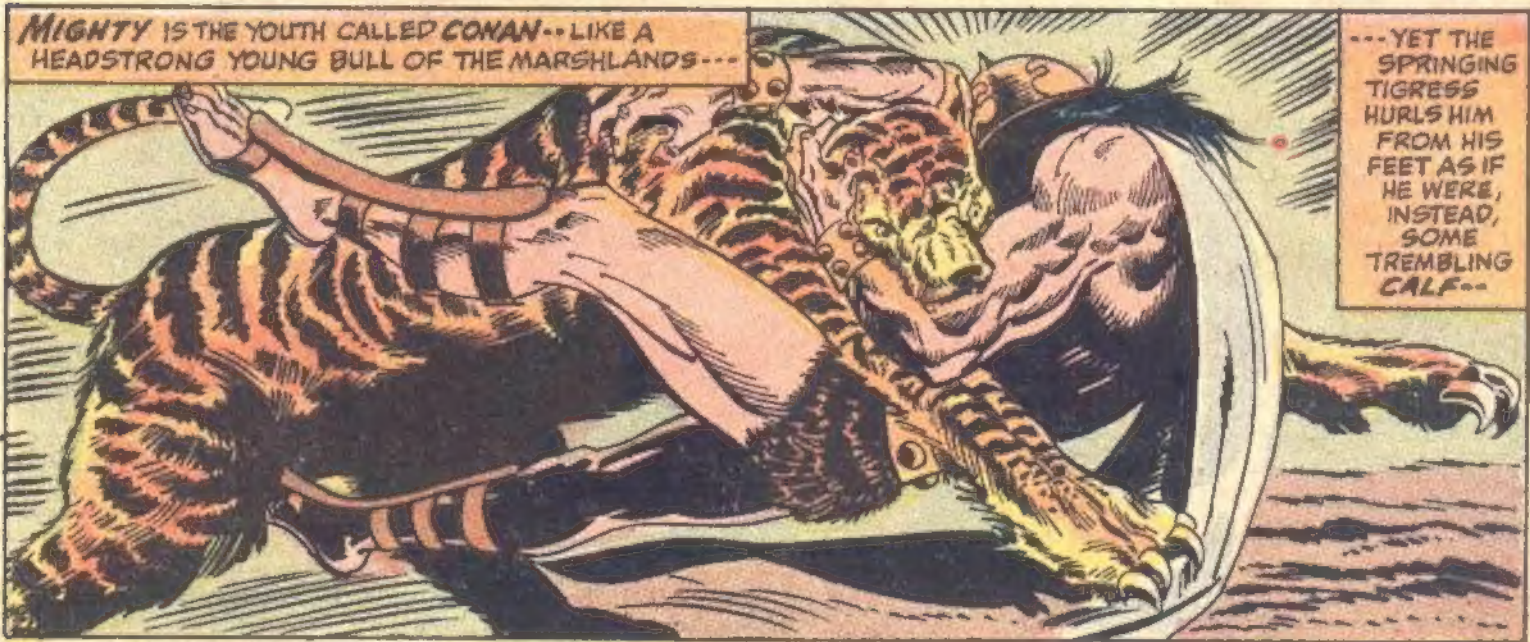
**BUT, ON THE INSTANT, IT IS THE BARBARIAN WHO GLIMPSES
THE GRINNING SKULL OF DOOM--AS STRIPED LIGHTNING
CRACKLES--**

--AND MAN-
FORGED
METAL
GIVES WAY
LIKE A
BLADE OF
BRITTLE
GLASS!



**MIGHTY IS THE YOUTH CALLED CONAN--LIKE A
HEADSTRONG YOUNG BULL OF THE MARSHLANDS---**

---YET THE
SPRINGING
TIGRESS
HURLS HIM
FROM HIS
FEET AS IF
HE WERE,
INSTEAD,
SOME
TREMBLING
CALF--



--AS VISE-LIKE
JAWS CLAMP
DOWN WITH
FORCE ENOUGH
TO REND FLESH
FROM GLEAMING
BONE-- IF THEY
WOULD BUT
MOVE!

**CROM'S
DEVILS!**

YOU ARE A
DEMON-THING,
AFTER ALL.

THEN-- WHY
DON'T YOU
STRIKE--AND
HAVE DONE
WITH IT?



IS IT SOME FEAR-SPAWNED FANTASY THAT HAPPENS NEXT-- SOME FLEETING PHANTOM OF THE MIND AND SENSES ---

-- THAT NOW MAKES CONAN THINK HE HEARS A VOICE--



-- A WHISPER FROM THE NETHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE, THAT SEEMS TO SAY: "I SHALL NOT HARM YOU. NOT NOW. NOT EVER."



THEN, LIKE A SOUNDLESS SPECTRE--

HOLD! COME BACK--!



COME--- BACK.

WHAT? YOU'RE A BRAVE ONE-- BUT ARE YE DAFT, AS WELL?

MAYBE HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH HER. WHY ELSE DIDN'T SHE KILL HIM WHEN SHE HAD A CHANCE?

IF SHE RETURNS --SHE'LL BE THIRSTING FOR ALL OUR BLOODS.



WHO ARE YOU-- THAT DARED STAND AGAINST THAT SHE-FIEND---

I AM CONAN---A CIMMERIAN.

BUT, WHY DO YOU SPEAK OF THAT STRIPED BEAST AS IF IT WERE A WOMAN?

-- TO SAVE MY LIFE-- AND MY CHILD'S?

WAS IT NOT A MERE TIGER-- LIKE MANY ANOTHER?

NAY, MAN --AS WE'LL TELL YE WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME--



"FOR, WE'LL DOUBTLESS PAY FOR THIS RESPITE ANYWAY-- AND SOONER THAN WE'D LIKE!"





"A BEAST LIKE ANY OTHER,
DID YE SAY? YE'D KNOW YOUR
FOLLY, OUTLANDER, IF YE
COULD GAZE UPON THAT
RIBBONED FORM NOW--"

"Y'SEE, THERE'S
THOSE WHO'VE
HIDDEN OUT
IN THE SHADOW
OF THE MOON--"



"--AND VOW
THEY'VE
SEEN HER
SHED HER
FELINE
SPELL...
TO WALK
AS A
WOMAN
ONCE
MORE."

"YET, THERE'S
OTHERS
SAY WE
SHOULD
FEEL NO
SCORN FOR
ZEPHRA--
DAUGHTER
OF
ZUKALA--"



"FOR SHE WAS BORN WHEN
THE WIND WAS OUT OF
THE NORTH-- AND WHEN
THE GREY LIGHT LIFTED
FOR MORN--
THAT TIME WHICH IS
CALLED--
ZUKALA'S
HOUR!"



"SUCH ONES, THEY SAY,
ARE CURSED WITH
SECOND SIGHT---
THE POWER TO
LIFT THE
VEIL THAT
HIDES THE
FUTURE--"

"AND CAN IT BE A
KINDNESS TO
FORESEE--
THE HOUR OF
YOUR OWN
DEATH?"



BUT, WE'LL
WASTE NO
MORE WORDS
ON HER."

AYE! HE LIVES IN YONDER CASTLE-- AND
TAXES US TILL WE'RE PICKED CLEAN."

IT'S HER FATHER
WHO'S THE TRUE
DEVIL HERE
ZUKALA!"

THERE'S
MONEY IN
IT FOR THE
ONE WHO
RIDS US
OF THAT
MONSTER!"

WHAT
SAY YOU
TO THAT,
STRANGER?"



I SAY-- I'LL HEAR
MORE ABOUT THIS
ZUKALA--"

--OVER A
FLAGON OF FRESH-
POURED
WINE."



OF COURSE, OF COURSE!
BUT FIRST, LET US TEND TO YOUR WOUNDS--

THEY'RE ONLY *SCRATCHES*. TELL ME OF ZUKALA, AND OF HIS TIGRESS DAUGHTER.

IT'S SAID THEY'RE *AGELESS*-- THAT TIME CAN NEVER TOUCH THEM.

AND *TRUE* IT IS-- FOR ONCE I BEHELD THE GIRL, DANCING 'NEATH THE STARS, WHEN *SHE* WAS YOUNG, AND I WAS YOUNG.

NOW SHE IS *STILL* YOUNG-- WHILE I GROW OLD AND *WITHERED*.

WHERE'S THE FAIRNESS IN THAT? *DEATH* TO THEM, SAYS I--



"--*DEATH* TO THEM *BOTH*!"



FATHER--?

ZEPHRA, MY DARLING.

HAVE MY BELOVED SUBJECTS SENT THEIR JUST *TRIBUTE* AT LAST?



NO, MY FATHER--
THEY--SET FORTH NO *GOLD* FOR ME-- THEY--

THE UN-GRATEFUL *SWINE*!

BUT, WHY SO PALE, MY PET-- LIKE SOME THIN-BLOODED MORTAL?

I-- I DO NOT KNOW, SIRE. I--



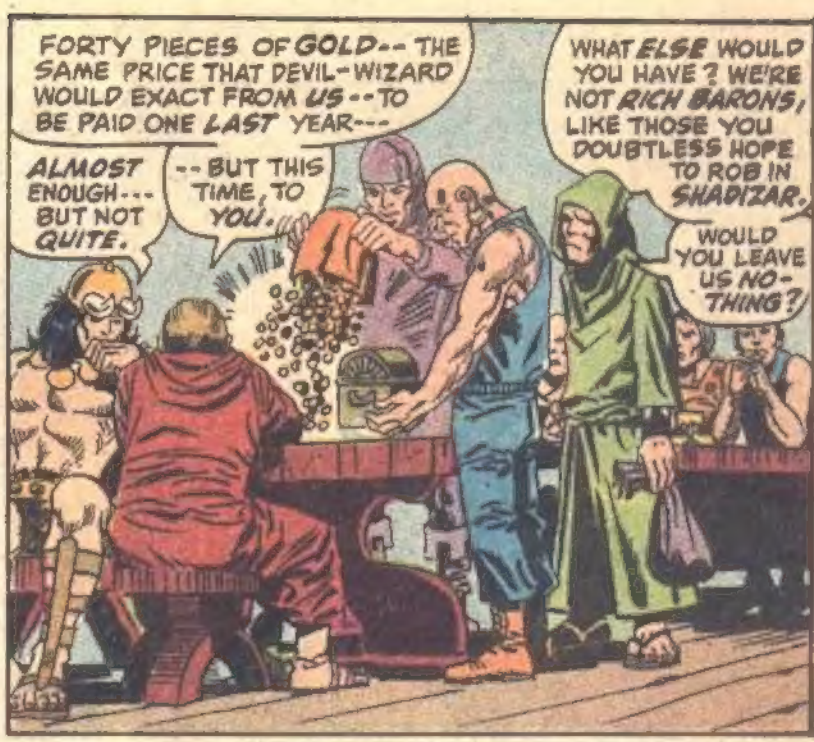


...WE'RE POOR MEN,
BUT HONEST AND
STRAIGHTFORWARD.

WE WANT ZUKALA
DISPOSED OF...
AND WILL PAY
FOR THE PRIVILEGE.

I'M BLUNT
MYSELF.

HOW
MUCH?



FORTY PIECES OF GOLD-- THE
SAME PRICE THAT DEVIL-WIZARD
WOULD EXACT FROM US-- TO
BE PAID ONE LAST YEAR---

ALMOST
ENOUGH---
BUT NOT
QUITE.

-- BUT THIS
TIME, TO
YOU.

WHAT ELSE WOULD
YOU HAVE? WE'RE
NOT RICH BARONS,
LIKE THOSE YOU
DOUBTLESS HOPE
TO ROB IN
SHADIZAR.

WOULD
YOU LEAVE
US NO-
THING?



I WANT NO MORE
MONEY, OLD
MAN-- JUST A
CERTAIN
WEAPON--

THE DRAGON-
HILT BLADE
WHICH THE
SWORDSMITH
TRIED TO SELL
ME.

DONE. AND
A SMALL
PRICE TO PAY,
FOR FREEDOM
FROM THAT
SORCEROUS
TYRANT!

THEN, I'LL
GET IT---
AND BE ON
MY WAY.



THEN, AS THE DOORS CLOSE BEHIND THE CIMMERIAN---

I'VE NEVER KNOWN
YOU TO BE SO GENER-
OUS, MY FRIEND.

CAN YOU PERHAPS
BE THINKING-- WHAT
I KNOW WE OTHERS
HAVE IN MIND?

I ONLY KNOW THAT,
EVEN IF THE STRIPLING
SOMEHOW SLAYS
ZUKALA, HE MUST
RETURN HERE TO
GET HIS MONEY..

---AND THERE ARE MANY
ACCIDENTS WHICH MAY
BEFALL AN IGNORANT BAR-
BARIAN-- SO VERY FAR FROM HOME.



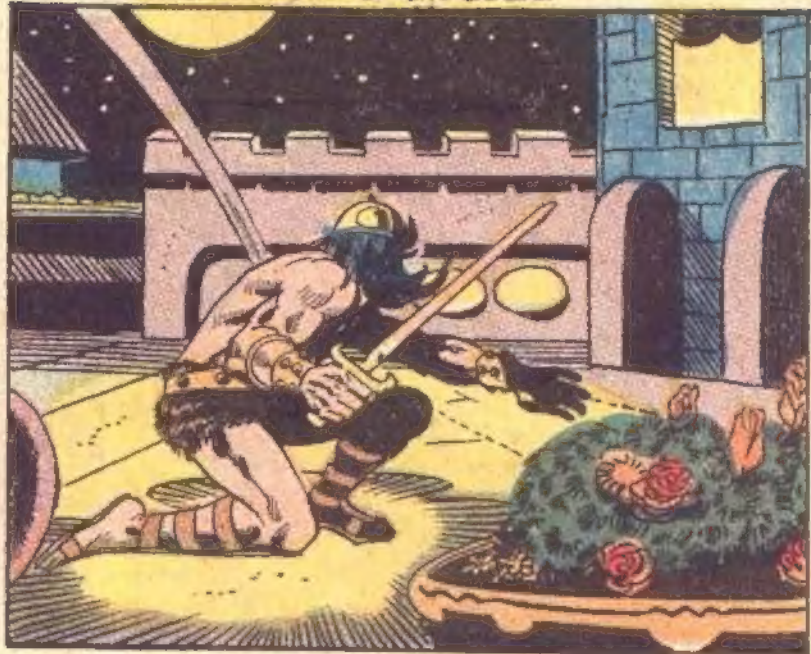
High in his dim, ghost-
haunted tower
Zukala sits alone---

Like a spider,
spinning his
webs of power
Upon his moon-
pale throne---

All through the long, star-spectral night
The tower knows no tread ---



---Save for, sometimes, the eerie, light
Swift footfalls of the dead---



He does not sleep and his eyes are deep
As the seas of Falgarai...

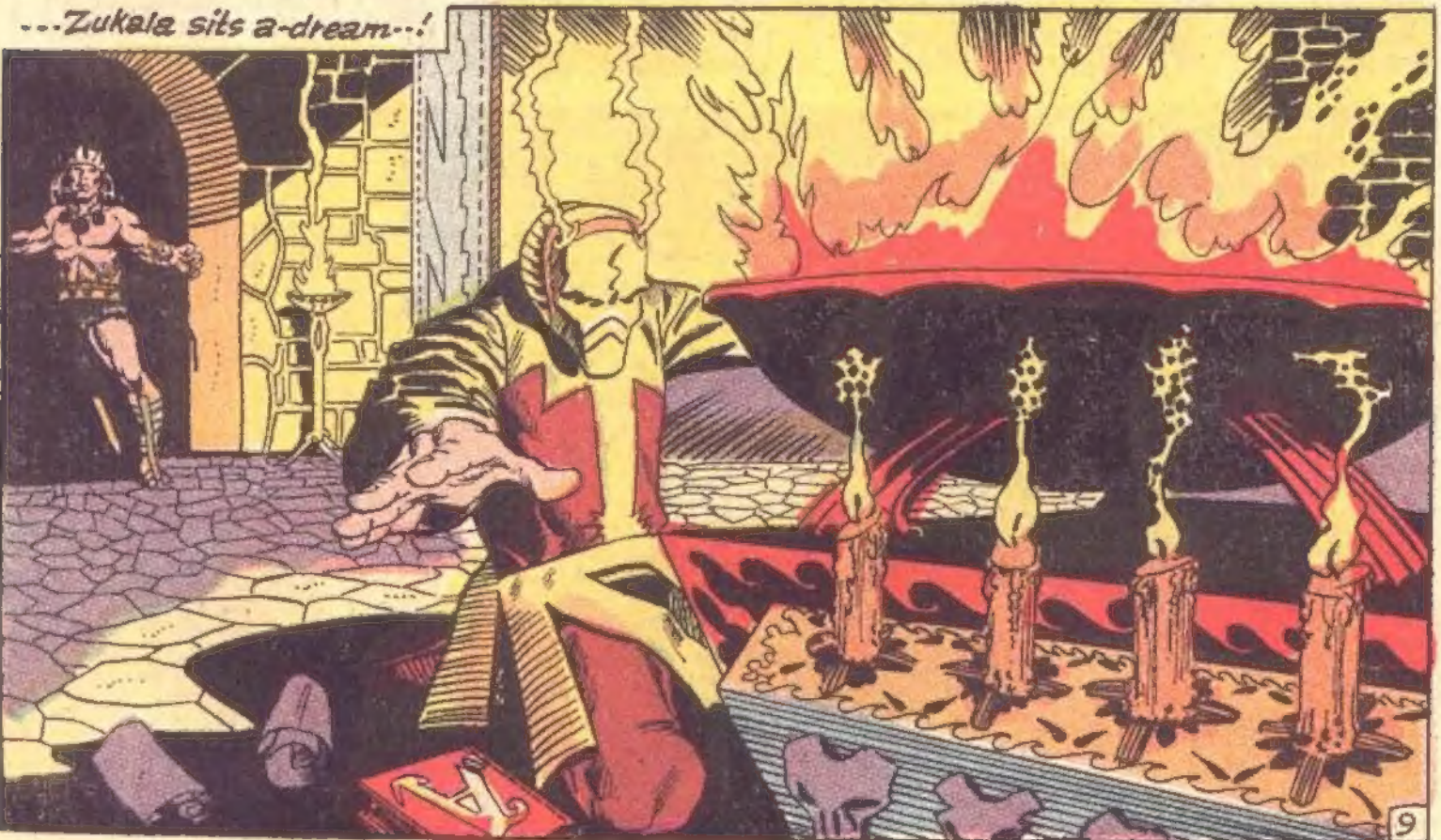


And he moves
his sceptre
but to sweep
The dim stars
out of the sky.

And when the wind is out of the east
And the bent moon's silver gleam
Makes pale the stars like ghosts at feast ---



...Zukala sits a-dream--!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

BEFORE ZAMORA WAS, ACHERON
WAS-- THAT MOST EVIL OF EMPIRES
--AND PYTHON, ITS PURPLE--
TOWERED CITY--

--NOW DEAD THESE
THREE THOUSAND
YEARS, TRAMPLED
'NEATH BARBARIAN
HEELS--!

BEFORE ACHERON WAS,
ATLANTIS WAS-- AND
THE MAN-LEGEND KULL,
WHO ROSE TO SIT THE
TOPAZ THRONE--!

--THE
CALL OF
ZUKALA!

AND BEFORE
ATLANTIS WAS
--I WAS!

COME,
THUS, IN
MY NAME--
AT MY
CALL--

I HAVE JOURNEYED,
O WIZARD, FROM
OUT THE LOST LAND--
IN ANSWER TO THY
SUMMONS.

WHAT WILT
THOU OF THE
DEMON
JAGGTA-
NOGA--
FOR, THAT
MUST HE
DO!

YOU MUST
ACCOMPLISH
-- WHAT MY
DAUGHTER
COULD
NOT.

THE VILLAGERS BEYOND
ARE WITHHOLDING FROM
ME MY PROPER TRIBUTE--
MINE BY RIGHT OF POWER.

I WANT THEM
STRIPPED
OF THAT
TRIBUTE--

-- OR I
WANT THEM
DEAD!

NOW GO---
AND DO YOU
MY BIDDING!

THE PEASANTS'
GOLD MEANS LITTLE
TO ME-- BUT IT
REMINDS THE FOOLS
JUST WHO IS MASTER
--AND WHO IS SLAVE.

I GO--AND I
OBEY,
O WIZARD.

NOW, WANDERER--
YOU SHALL TELL
ME WHY YOU HAVE--

KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT,
UNTIL---

EMMFFF!

AHHH--
HIS STEPS
RECEDE
DOWN THE
CORRIDOR.

YOU CAN ONLY BE ZEPHRA--
DAUGHTER OF THE ONE
CALLED ZUKALA.

I'VE SEEN
STRANGE THINGS
IN MY DAY, BUT THAT--

IS IT TRUE YOU
CAN SEE THE FUTURE
--AND THAT YOU CAN
TURN YOURSELF
INTO--A WILD
BEAST?

--IS HARD TO
BELIEVE,
CONAN?

BELIEVE,
ALL THE
SAME--
FOR HOW
ELSE
WOULD
I KNOW
YOUR NAME?

BELIEVE THIS ALSO-- THAT, IN
THE MOMENT WE CLASHED--
AND AGAIN, WHEN I FAINTED,
CHILD-LIKE, IN MY FATHER'S
ARMS--

I KNEW YOU WERE
THE MAN I MUST
LOVE-- THE MAN
WHO SHALL WATCH
THE AGES FLOW,
AT MY SIDE.

WHAT?
WHOA--SLOW
DOWN, GIRL--
THIS ALL GOES
TOO FAST
FOR ME.

LIFE GOES TOO FAST,
CONAN-- FOR I HAVE
LOOKED INTO OUR
FUTURES, YOURS
AND MINE--

AND I HAVE
DIMLY SEEN
YOU STANDING
OVER MY
BODY--

BUT-- HOLD
ME, MY LOVE
--HOLD ME!

FOR, THAT MOMENT
MAY BE A YEAR
AWAY--OR A
CENTURY--

--A GLEAMING
AXE IN YOUR GREAT
HANDS.

OR IT MAY
NEVER
HAPPEN, MY
DAUGHTER!

NO, FATHER--
NO!

**CROM'S
DEVILS!
DO DOORS
MEAN NO-
THING IN
THIS PLACE?**

BUT, NO MATTER--FOR,
YOU'RE SOLID ENOUGH
NOW.

MAKE
READY TO
PAY, WIZARD,
FOR THE SINS
OF ALL THE
YEARS YOU
HAVE LIVED.

**INSOLENT
PUP!**

USE THAT
WEAPON
TO STICK
PIGS--

-- NOT TO THREATEN
THE LIKES OF
ZUKALA!

FREE

NAME	AGE
------	-----

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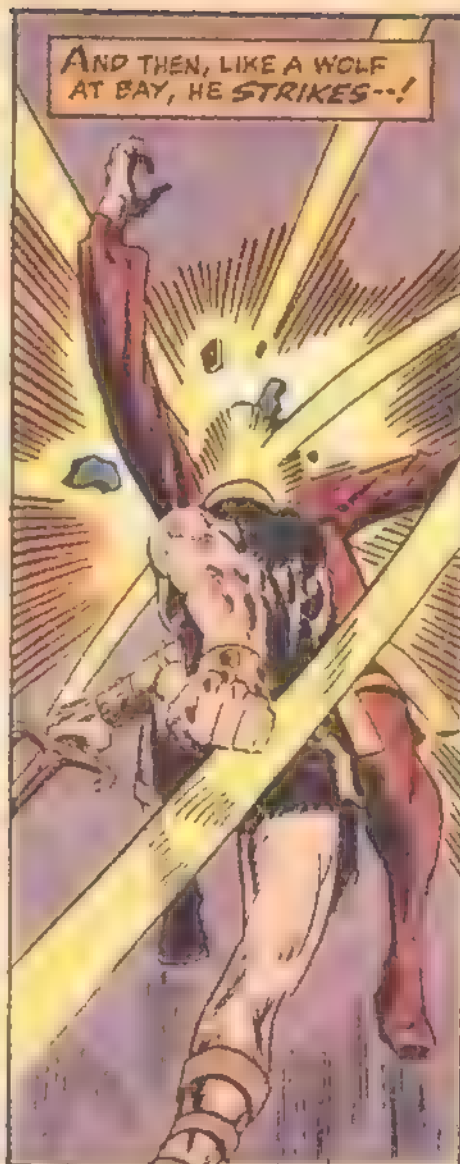
12

BY ANY RIGHTS, YOUNG CONAN NOW SHOULD DIE... BY ANY RIGHTS, THE BURST WHICH FLASHES LIKE LIGHTNING SHOULD REDUCE HIM TO WHIMPERING ATOMS...

BUT, THE CIMMERIAN MOVES MORE SWIFTLY THAN ANY TIMID ZAMORIAN... HE EVADES THE SPARK THAT WOULD HAVE ENGULFED HIM...



AND THEN, LIKE A WOLF AT BAY, HE STRIKES--!



WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? I HIT HIM FULL FORCE -- AND MERELY STAGGERED HIM!?

WELL, ONE MORE BLOW, AND SURELY--

NO, CONAN-- LET HIM GO... PLEASE..



MY MASK! MY MASK--!

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YOU SHALL
BURN FOR
THIS,
BARBARIAN.

DO YOU HEAR
ME? YOU SHALL
BURN!



MY SWORD NEVER
TOUCHED HIS FLESH--
ONLY THAT MASK
OF HIS.

THE MASK IS THE
SOURCE OF HIS
POWER, CONAN.

BUT
NOW, IT
IS YOU
WHO
SHOULD
FLEE.

WHY THEN
HAS HE FLED
LIKE A FRIGHT-
ENED STEER?

YOU STAND
NO CHANCE
AGAINST HIS
SORCERY--NO
CHANCE AT
ALL!



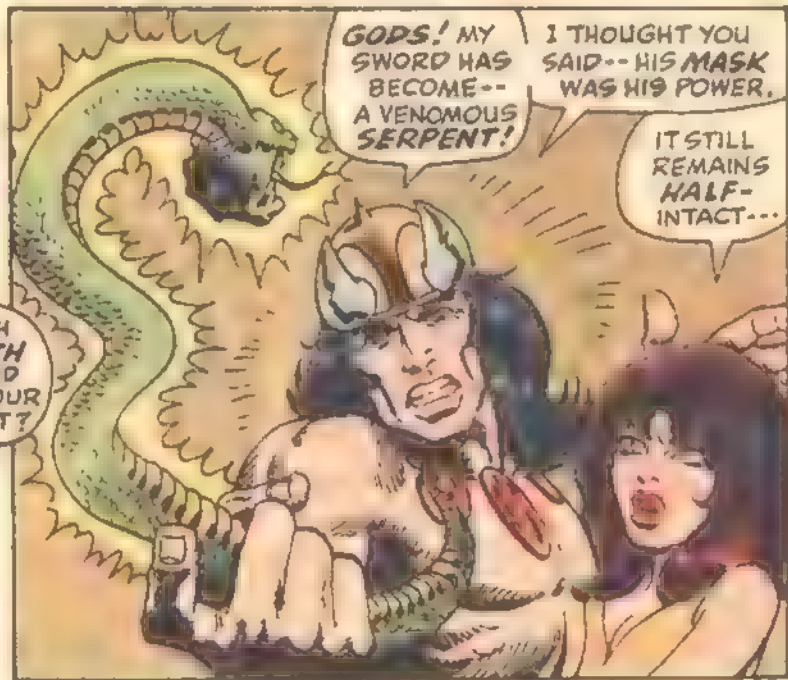
YOU CAN SAY THAT?

YOU, WHO PLEADED
FOR HIS LIFE, WERE
SECONDS AGO?

AH,
THERE
HE--

WHY CAME
YOU HERE
SEEKING
ZUKALA--

--WITH
DEATH
COILED
IN YOUR
FIST?



GODS! MY
SWORD HAS
BECOME--
A VENOMOUS
SERPENT!

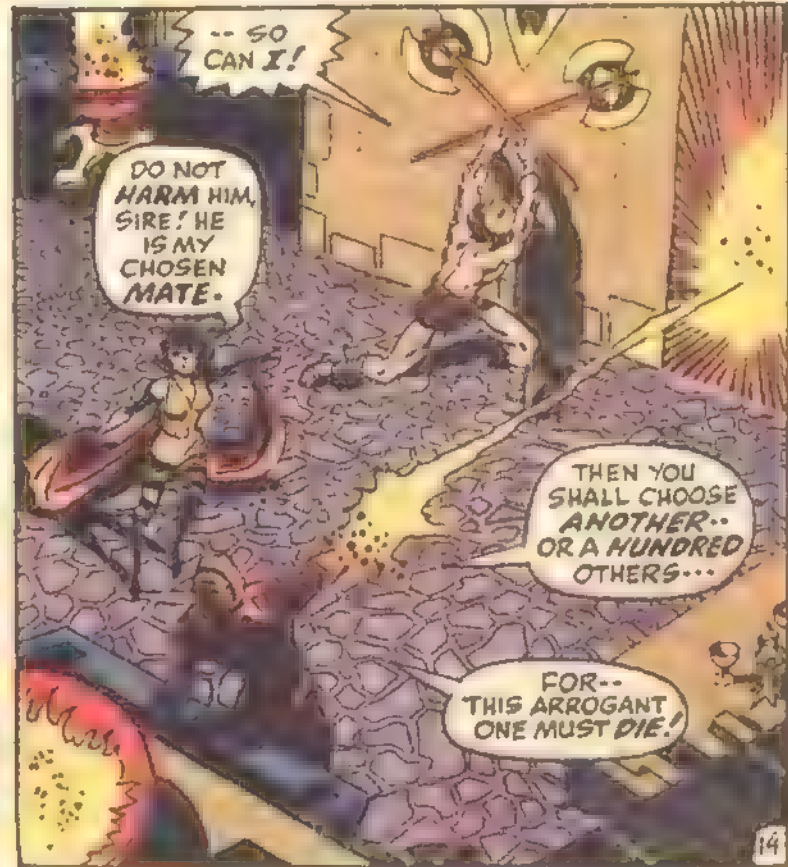
I THOUGHT YOU
SAID-- HIS MASK
WAS HIS POWER.

IT STILL
REMAINS
HALF-
INTACT--



AND SO
HE CAN STILL
TURN A TRICK
OR TWO, CAN
HE?

WELL,
AFTER I
RID MYSELF
OF THIS HISS-
ING DOOM--

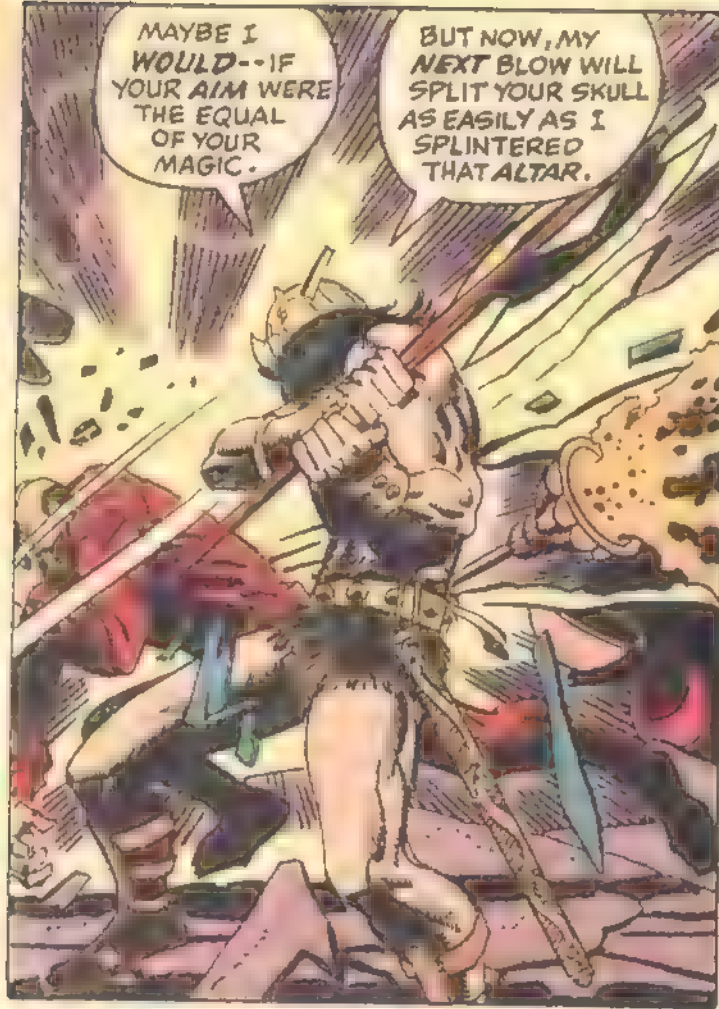


-- SO
CAN I!

DO NOT
HARM HIM,
SIRE! HE
IS MY
CHOSEN
MATE.

THEN YOU
SHALL CHOOSE
ANOTHER--
OR A HUNDRED
OTHERS...

FOR--
THIS ARROGANT
ONE MUST DIE!



MAYBE I WOULD--IF YOUR AIM WERE THE EQUAL OF YOUR MAGIC.

BUT NOW, MY NEXT BLOW WILL SPLIT YOUR SKULL AS EASILY AS I SPLINTERED THAT ALTAR.



AND YET-- BECAUSE OF THE GIRL... I'D SOONER NOT KILL YOU.

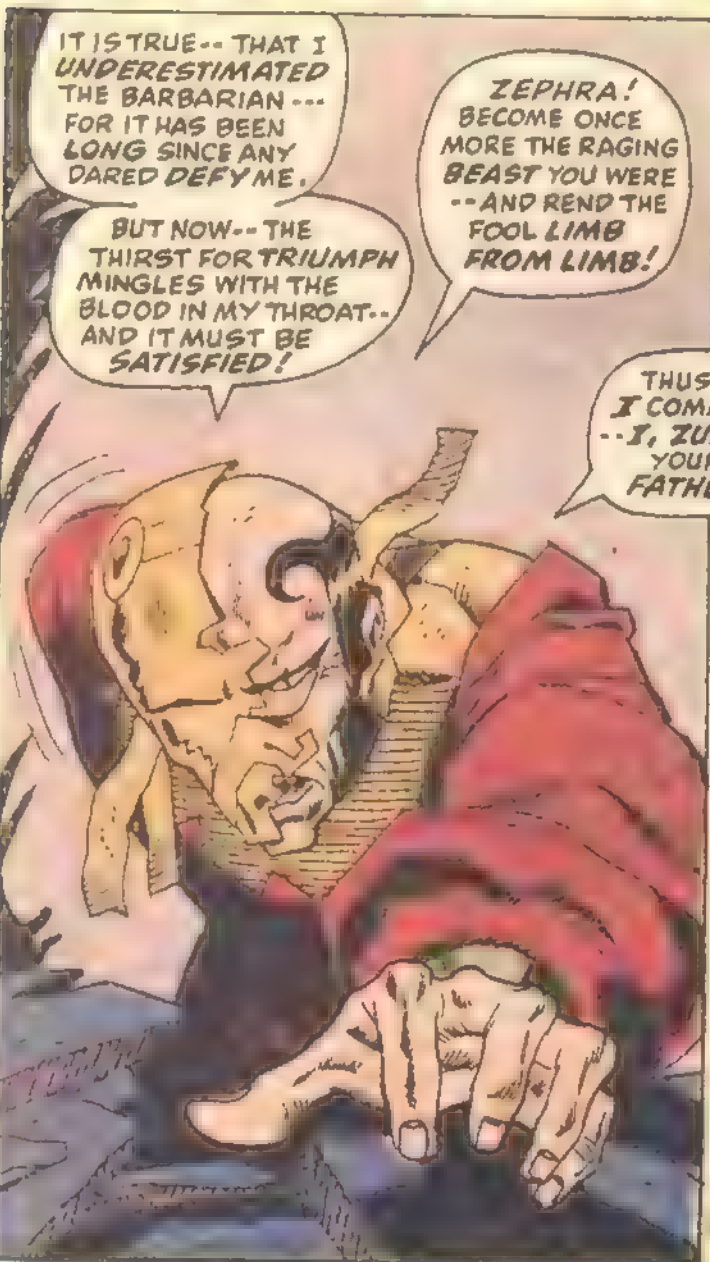
MATCH THE PRICE THE VILLAGERS OFFERED ME TO SLAY YOU-- AND I'LL GO MY WAY!

ACCEPT HIS OFFER, MY FATHER!

WHAT IS MONEY TO US?

WE HAVE SEEN THE EONS PASS, FLOATING LIKE BURNING CLOUDS..

NO!!



IT IS TRUE-- THAT I UNDERESTIMATED THE BARBARIAN --- FOR IT HAS BEEN LONG SINCE ANY DARED DEFEAT ME.

BUT NOW-- THE THIRST FOR TRIUMPH MINGLES WITH THE BLOOD IN MY THROAT-- AND IT MUST BE SATISFIED!

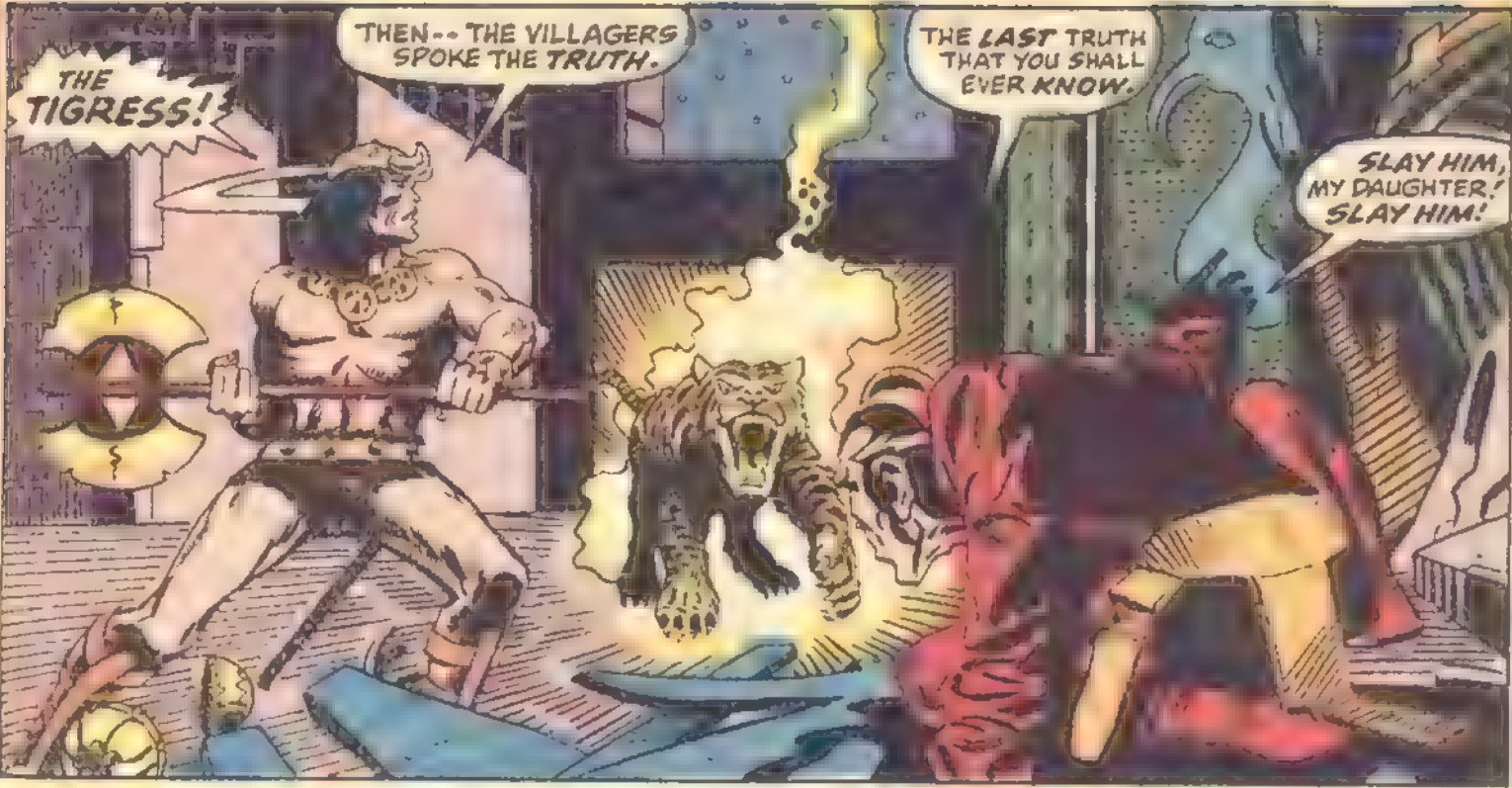
ZEPHRA! BECOME ONCE MORE THE RAGING BEAST YOU WERE --AND REND THE FOOL LIMB FROM LIMB!

THUS DO I COMMAND --I, ZUKALA-- YOUR FATHER!



AND-- BECAUSE IT IS MY FATHER WHO COMMANDS ME --

CAN I-- REFUSE THE CALL--?



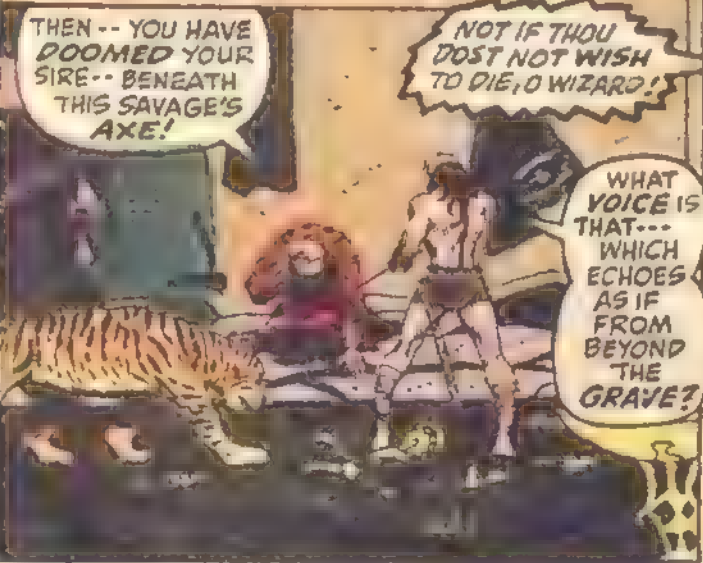
THE
TIGRESS!

THEN-- THE VILLAGERS
SPOKE THE TRUTH.

THE LAST TRUTH
THAT YOU SHALL
EVER KNOW.

SLAY HIM,
MY DAUGHTER!
SLAY HIM!

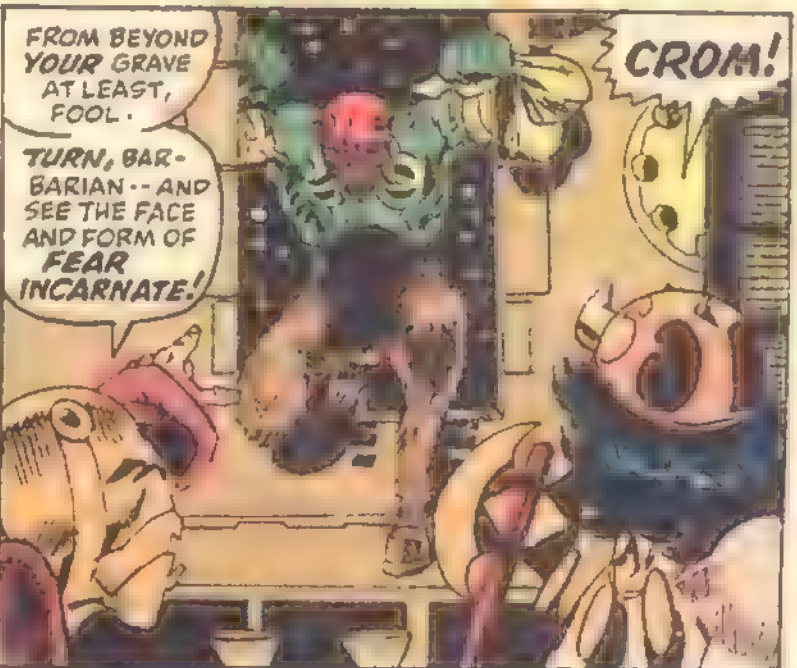
BUT AGAIN, AS IF IN A DREAM, COMES THAT WORLD-DISTANT WHISPER: "NO, FATHER! I SHALL NOT HARM HIM. NOT NOW. NOT EVER."



THEN-- YOU HAVE
DOOMED YOUR
SIRE-- BENEATH
THIS SAVAGE'S
AXE!

NOT IF THOU
DOST NOT WISH
TO DIE, O WIZARD!

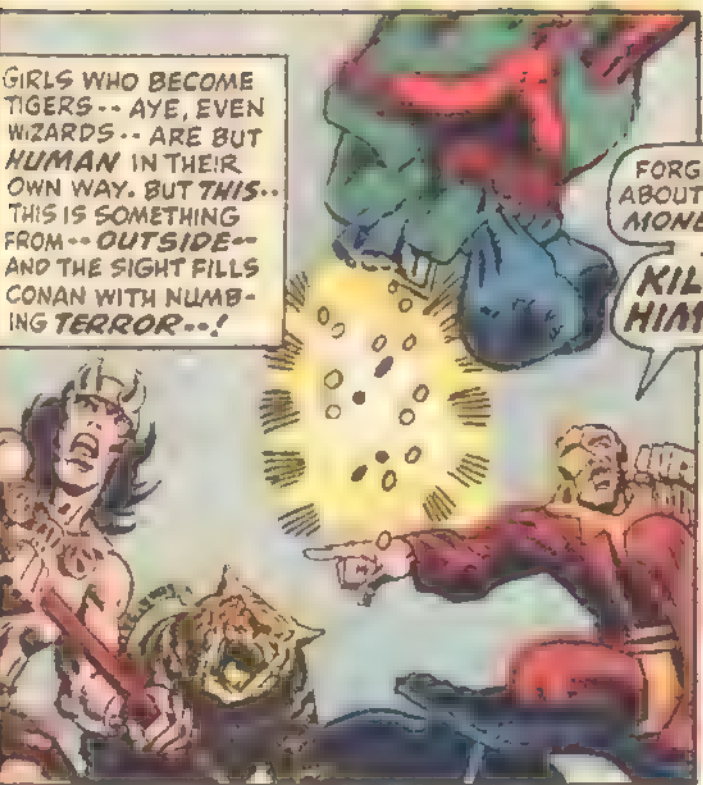
WHAT
VOICE IS
THAT...
WHICH
ECHOES
AS IF
FROM
BEYOND
THE
GRAVE?



FROM BEYOND
YOUR GRAVE
AT LEAST,
FOOL.

TURN, BAR-
BARIAN-- AND
SEE THE FACE
AND FORM OF
FEAR
INCARNATE!

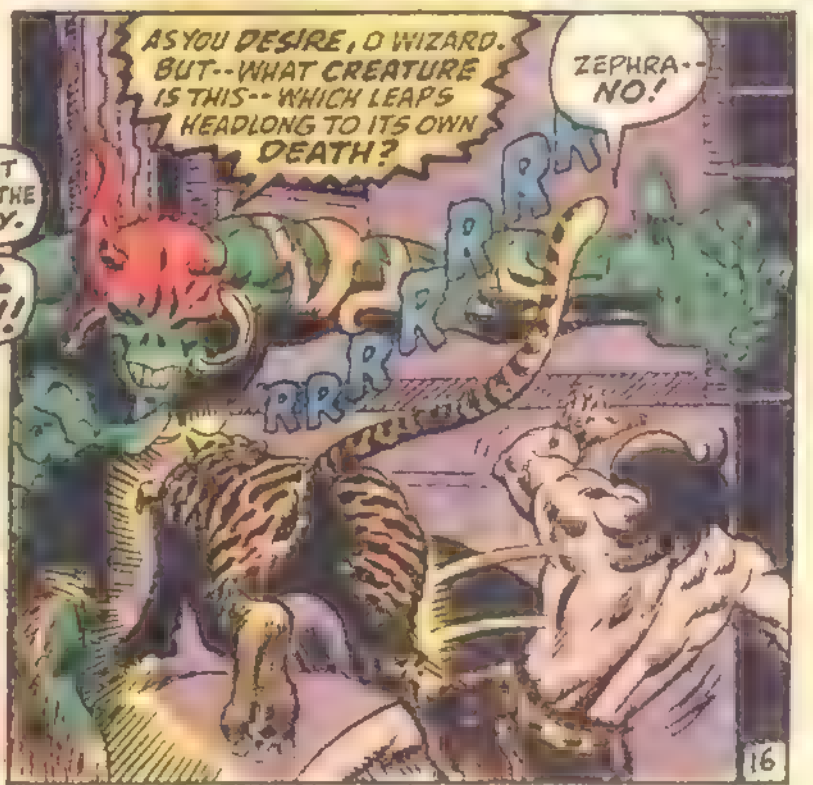
CROM!



GIRLS WHO BECOME
TIGERS-- AYE, EVEN
WIZARDS-- ARE BUT
HUMAN IN THEIR
OWN WAY. BUT THIS--
THIS IS SOMETHING
FROM-- OUTSIDE--
AND THE SIGHT FILLS
CONAN WITH NUMB-
ING TERROR--!

FORGET
ABOUT THE
MONEY.

KILL HIM!!



AS YOU DESIRE, O WIZARD.
BUT-- WHAT CREATURE
IS THIS-- WHICH LEAPS
HEADLONG TO ITS OWN
DEATH?

ZEPHRA--
NO!



CAUGHT OFF GUARD BY THIS SHE-BEAST, AS MAGICAL AS HIMSELF, THE HELL-FIEND FALLS WITH THUNDEROUS IMPACT--

--ONLY TO RISE AGAIN!



KILL HER, THING OF THE NETHER DEPTHS--

AND THEN TURN--TURN UPON THE BARBARIAN!



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MAN?

WOULD YOU DOOM YOUR OWN DAUGHTER--JUST BECAUSE SHE WOULD NOT DESTROY ME?

AYE! ALL MUST DIE WHO OPPOSE MY WILL! ALL!

THEN, CONAN'S FURY IS HORRIBLE TO BEHOLD-- AS HE LIFTS THE AGE-OLD SORCERER, LIKE SOME SMALL, WHIMPERING RODENT--



CALL OFF YOUR DEMON, WIZARD--OR I'LL...

NEVER! NEVER!



BAH! YOU'RE HARDLY WORTH THE KILLING.

STILL, I'D TEND TO YOU-- IF I HAD THE TIME.

BUT NOW, I MUST DO WHAT YOU WILL NOT--



I MUST SAVE THE GIRL!



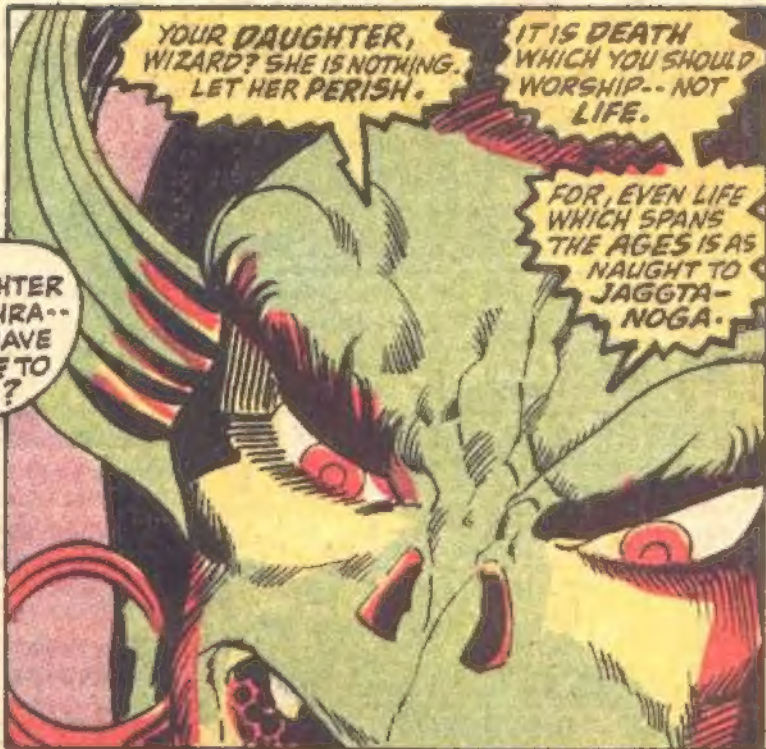


NOW, INSECT-- MAKE
READY TO DIE!

MAYBE I WILL,
MONSTER---

BUT I'LL DIE
FIGHTING--AND
HACKING AWAY AT
YOU WITH THESE
TWO BLADES.

MY DAUGHTER
--MY ZEPHRA--
WHAT HAVE
I DONE TO
YOU?



YOUR DAUGHTER,
WIZARD? SHE IS NOTHING.
LET HER PERISH.

IT IS DEATH
WHICH YOU SHOULD
WORSHIP-- NOT
LIFE.

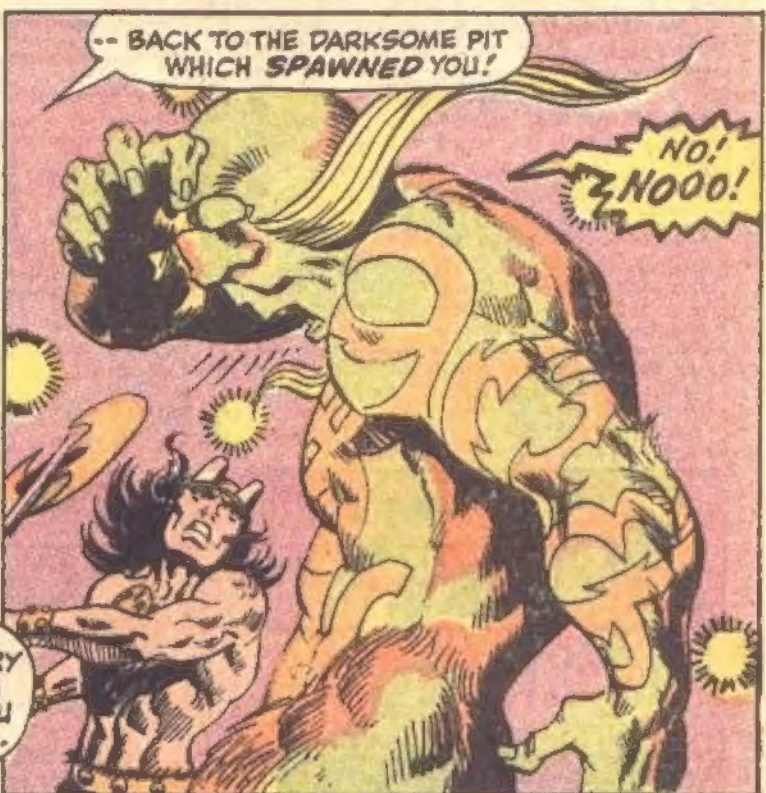
FOR, EVEN LIFE
WHICH SPANS
THE AGES IS AS
NAUGHT TO
JAGGTA-
NOGA.



ENOUGH!

I HAVE NOT
POWER ENOW
TO DESTROY
YOU, DEMON--

BUT,
MY SORCERY
STILL CAN
SEND YOU
BACK---



-- BACK TO THE DARKSOME PIT
WHICH SPAWNED YOU!

NO!
NOOOO!



THE DEVIL-
THING IS
GONE. NOW
YOU AND
I, WIZARD--

FOOL! YOU
WOULD YET
MENACE ME
WITH A
CHILD'S
PLAYTHING?

THEN YOU STILL
DO NOT COMPRE-
HEND THE FORCES
YOU HAVE SEEN
UNLEASHED HERE
THIS NIGHT.

BUT YOU
SHALL UNDER-
STAND--WHEN WE
MEET ANOTHER
TIME---



AND ON THAT DAY, YOU
SHALL FACE THE FULL
POWER OF ZUKALA--AND
YOU SHALL TREMBLE
BEFORE YOU DIE.

CONAN--
CONAN--



DO YOU HEAR,
BARBARIAN?
DO YOU HEAR?

SHE LIVES--
BUT YOU HAVE
TAKEN MY
DAUGHTER'S
HEART FROM
ME---

AND IT CAN NEVER
BE WHOLLY MINE
AGAIN.



IT IS A LONELY
THING-- AND
MADDENING--

--TO BE THE
LAST OF A ONCE-
PROUD RACE,
AND TO BE FOR-
SAKEN BY THE
ONLY ONE YOU
HOLD DEAR.

AND
SO--



GONE--
BOTH OF
THEM.

IF THEY WERE
EVER TRULY
HERE.



BUT THEY WERE **REAL**
ENOUGH, IT SEEMS-- FOR
THE CASTLE STILL STANDS,
AND GOLDEN COINS YET
STUD THE FLOOR WHERE
THEY HAVE FALLEN---

...FIFTY GOLD PIECES,
THEIR GLITTER BLINDING
THE CIMMERIAN TO THOUGHTS
OF A DEMON-- A WIZARD--
AND A GIRL WHO OFFERED
HIM-- IMMORTALITY.
A GIRL WHO---

BUT NO-- IT IS BETTER TO
COUNT THE **GOLD**-- TO RECALL
THAT MORE OR LESS THIS SUM
WAS OFFERED HIM TO SLAY
ZUKALA.
YET, ISN'T THE MAN-WIZARD
VANISHED-- AND ISN'T THAT
THE SAME THING?
NO NEED TO BOTHER GOING
BACK TO THE **VILLAGE**-- NO
NEED AT ALL---



-- NOT WHEN
THE ROAD TO
SIN-DRENCHED
SHADIZAR
WINDS BY THE
THE FOOT OF
THE HILL--!

FINIS